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BRAIN VS. MUSCLE.

AN ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF AN INTELLIGENT AND INDEPENDENT USE OF THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE, FOR THE PURPOSE OF SECURING AN INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC AND NON-PARTISAN BALANCE OF POWER.

✓
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DEDICATION.

TO EVERY MAN WHO EARNS HIS BREAD IN THE
SWEAT OF HIS FACE, IN ANY LEGITIMATE BUSI-
NESS PURSUIT OR USEFUL CALLING, THIS LIT-
TLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

You are invited to a feast,
Of which these few crumbs are the least,
In fact are but a feeble token,
Of the full loaf from which they're broken.
If they but make you better, wiser,
By acting as an appetizer,
To self-communion, contemplation,
And patient, calm investigation,
So that the ample loaf is treasured,
Our whole ambition will be measured.
If to your mind the context lacks,
In faith, and simply clings to facts,
Don't censure, let's rejoice that you
Have faith enough—perhaps for two,
And each improve his better light,
You run by faith and we by sight.
• This much we all should take on trust:
If, when we die, as die we must,
A pure, sweet life returns to earth,
The source of all maternal birth,
It will enrich the soil with use,
A better manhood to produce.
In this faith let's do all we can,
To benefit the coming man,
That he may better represent,
A gracious power, a wise intent.

BRAIN VS. MUSCLE.

As prose is tedious I'll rehearse
The little I've to say in verse ;
'Twill save your patience and give time
To view the corpse of murdered rhyme,
For I aver I'm now about
To lay that ancient pilgrim out ;
But hope through his demise to state
Some facts to aid those who create
All worldly wealth, by toil, to find
Their empty pockets better lined.
This axiom none will dispute :
"Who sows in toil should reap the fruit";
Yet, truth declares the best fruits fall,
To those who do not work at all.

You ask, whence comes this paradox ?
We answer, through the ballot box.
Ere further answer, please to grant
Brief retrospection for a plant,
Whereon to base our arguments,
Or rather some plain common sense
Ideas of what should comprise
The duties of a free franchise.
Laying aside tradition's version,
And still more mythical assertion,
Dogmatical, of what had been.
Before authentic tomes came in,
Let's turn the boat in which we glide,
In fancy's parlance, down the tide,
And backward up the stream of time.
With laboring oar and row lock's chime,
Ascend to where authentic history,
Rests in the arms of ancient mystery,
Profound as that now hovering o'er us,
Or resting on the stream before us.

Note, at the turning point, how wide
Appear the fields on either side,
By civilization cultured now,
And law, equivalent, and how
These social elements converge,
As up the stream our craft we urge
To where oblivion's stagnant tide,
Spreads out before us far and wide;
A shoreless sea, to human ken—
Our voyage has yielded nothing then,
Save inference drawn from observation,
Comparison for speculation.
But let's project convergence shown
By history, into realms unknown,
By geometric formula,
And judge if 'tis not safe to say,
Though length of base and sine of arc
Are too obscurely known to mark
The point exact, that in some age,
Long antedating history's page,

There was a point of time when naught,
 Of legal rule was known or thought;
 When every human wight forlorn,
 A law unto himself was born—
 When individual strength of limb,
 Measured the rights of her or him
 This *pre lex scripta* human tussle,
 We'll name the rule, or, AGE OF MUSCLE.
 Now, of such lawless exigence,
 Let's search the natural consequence—
 The poor, or weak, 'twas all the same,
 Only a difference in name,
 By brawn and muscle robbed of aught
 Their skill and handicraft had wrought,
 Would naturally confederate
 For self defence, against the great,
 Which in the days of which I rhyme,
 Meant the great muscle every time.
 This mild restraint, in self defense,
 Would as a natural consequence.

Promote the right, deter from wrong,
Add peace and quiet, and ere long,
So many new adherents draw,
As soon to crystalize into law.
At first a rude impartial kind,
Which keen-eyed Justice, now so blind,
Promptly enforced, not as per scroll,
But in committee of the whole.
That memory treasured these events,
For future use, as precedents,
And that, when letters came to aid,
These memories were on parchment laid,
And that the common (see old saw),
Became thenceforth the written law,
By which a well disposed majority,
Could hold in check a bold minority—
That muscle's empire then did wane,
And then commenced "THE AGE OF BRAIN",
It seems quite reasonable to suppose,
At all events there's no one knows,

If it be false, so critics prate,
For you can only speculate.
Long as they used this wise invention,
To carry out the first intention,
Results as any one can see,
Would just and equitable be ;
But lust for power and ill got gain,
With legal backing, gave to brain,
Power to reverse the human tussle,
And in its turn to steal from muscle.
It's true that those who're called to preach
The sacred word, are prone to teach,
That man's the noblest work of God —
But then, they "go for him" rough-shod,
And say he's nothing, only just
A poor, weak, vile worm of the dust !
We don't say this to call attention,
To their esteem for the invention,
Nor to reflect on their reflection,
On other works in this connection,

But just to note the worm case stated,
As being well authenticated
By history and observation,
Without recourse to Revelation,
Which, did we need its sacred backing,
In evidence is no wise lacking,
That makes humanity look thinner,
In ancient saint as well as sinner,
Than in our late, improved we think,
Decendants of the "missing link."
At all events 'tis safe to say,
That average human nature, nay,
But human nature at the best,
Is not a thing on which to rest
Your confidence, or place in trust,
Of anything that human lust
May covet to increase and hold,
As power, or place, or fame, or gold.
Abate the law and muscle's thews,
Will soon their natural powers abuse ;

Give legal backing unto brain,
It strips the toiler of his gain,
So it would seem we scarce need tell,
That each should watch the other well—
That now, as in more ancient day,
We're called to watch as well as pray !
Tomes have been written without half,
The essence of this paragraph:
"Eternal vigilance will be,"
"For aye, the price of liberty."
And here your humbler scribe indites,
Also the price of human rights.
We do not wish the inference drawn,
That some are born to thew and brawn,
And others to a mental weight,
That makes two classes fixed by fate ;
Indeed, we deem it nature's due,
To candidly declare to you,
That she has been more fair by far,
In meting out, than critics are,

In estimating what she's given,
Without allowance made for leaven
Of use, which in the main gives place
Of excellence in either case.
A well wrought brain, suppose, elects,
To train the muscle it directs ;
Works with it in the shop or pit,
For individual benefit—
It spends its force in this direction,
And brings the muscle to perfection,
Of strength or handicraft, or both,
Winning the victory over sloth,
In wealth creating industry,
Of which it holds the master key ;
Saves to itself such recompense,
As is allowed by exigence
Of social status, fixed by those
Who do not grind their mental nose
On muscle's grindstone, and turns o'er
The balance to the common store

Of worldly wealth, to be enjoyed
By those with only brain employed ;
Perhaps by those of lesser brain,
Who let their muscular strength remain
Intact, and in their purse wax fatter,
By brain work on external matter.
Persistently the masses toil,
Creating wealth ; they till the soil,
Make deserts bloom as blooms the rose,
Lay on the forge their pond'rous blows,
Rend metals from the rocky pit,
And render them for uses fit,
Build towns and cities, and provide
Raiment and food for all beside—
In short, all added wealth is due,
To labor's brawn and sinew's thew,
Beside the credit of replacing
The wastes of use and useless wasting ;
And yet, the shares the toiler gains,
Are but the crumbs thrown out by brains.

Now, this unnatural result,
Is not so very difficult
Of explanation, to the slave,
Who owes allegiance to some knave—
Or thinks he does—who wears a crown,
By highway robbers handed down,
Backed by a claim of right divine,
To rob the toilers of his line
Of all except the rights of slaves,
And share the plunder with his knaves,
Called nobles, to disguise the fact,
That they are parties to the act.
Alas, the serf, poor human elf,
Knows pretty well how 'tis, himself,
And needs no posting on the jobbery,
That's plain as any bare-faced robbery;
He also knows that restitution,
Must come through bloody revolution,
And so delays to do his worst,
Till life itself becomes accursed.

But in a land where all the powers
Are held by voters, as in ours,
Where every loyal man may be
A unit of Sovereignty,
It makes one blush, and manhood shames,
To see the thimble-rigging games,
By which the few the many strip,
Of time, and toil, and ownership.
By means, with which his hands to stain,
A despot robber would disdain ;
But which our thimble-riggers do
With brazen front, then ask of you,
Extended honors and applause,
For serving well the people's cause !
And they, the masses, with great zeal,
Take up the partisan appeal.
And yelling like they'd split their throats,
Peddle the thimble rigger's votes,
And for the privilege work right hearty,
Of being robbed by their own party—

And much enjoy the discontent,
 Of those who're robbed without consent—
 For the political machine,
 Like that of law, shaves all between
 The managers, and leaves them e'en,
 Victor as vanquished, stripped quite clean.
 The Indian for a string of beads,
 Gives of his lands, vast quit-claim deeds,
 And very many men will class,
 Poor "Lo" a most consummate ass,
 Who oft their franchise birthright sell,
 Not half as wisely or as well.
 A drink of "bug juice" often buys
 The vote a man should dearly prize,
 For it commands a manhood free,
 Without it he a serf would be—
 And is to-day to party rule,
 An abject slave, a pliant tool;
 Paying the same for pottage cold,
 That hirsute Esau did of old,

For Jacob's stew—an awful steal—
 But at the least, a good, warm meal.
 This being the case, what do we need,
 To stay the thimble-rigger's greed ;
 To break the power of cliques and rings,
 Despotic as the rule of kings,
 To dispossess these parasites,
 And thus maintain the people's rights ?
 One says, "Reform" and works right hearty,
 For reformation in his party ;
 But when 'tis found what he's about,
 The old machine soon grinds him out,
 Labelled all over : sore-head, slave,
 Scoundrel and traitor, fool and knave ;
 And thimble-rigger makes a note :
 "Replace him with a purchased vote"
 "Better to use some stolen pence,"
 "Than try to placate common sense ;"
 "The old machine has open till,"
 "When it is running down the hill,"

“And furnishes the people’s tin,”
“To rope the careless voters in.”
And this has always been the way,
From Adam’s down to our day—
Party reforms are brought about,
By kicking the reformers out!
Another viewing such result,
With observation more occult,
Decides that agitation storms,
In favor of some just reforms,
Be used as seeds from which to grow,
A party for the overthrow,
Of thimble-riggers, rings and cliques,
With their monopolistic tricks;
Which have in some good party name,
Brought us to grief as well as shame.
The thing works well, for parties new,
Not only have reforms in view,
But introduce them, don’t you see,
Through those who led to victory,

And who were earnest in the plan,
Of winning back the rights of man.
But one decade will see these men,
Among our citizens again,
And in their place the same old set,
Or others just as bad "you bet",
Selling our rights at a high figure,
And stealing with redoubled vigor!
So, real reform is at the best,
Only a temporary rest.
Another good, near-sighted man,
Is certain if we only can
Lay all the facts before the mass—
Jupiter Ammon! say, let's pass,
Or turn it down, no matter which,
Quicker to cure the seven-year-itch,
Than 'bate one grain of party zeal,
By any common sense appeal!
The first you meet will tell you flat,
That he was born a Democrat,

And mortal coil will shuffle off in
 A Hickory Democratic coffin.
 The next, Republican was born,
 Is still the same, "yes, in a horn"—
 Republican don't understand,
 Even in this enlightened land,
 That twice his party's changed its skin,
 And every thing contained therein;
 Nor does our Democrat suppose
 He's wearing these old skins for clothes;
 Yet truth would bear e'en wider range—
 'Tis strange as true, and true as strange!
 With senseless but persistent aim,
 These men are voting for a name—
 Place that at ticket-head they "go it",
 No matter what is placed below it;
 The ticket head to them is all,
 Their own of no account at all.
 These statesmen (?) fairly put to shame,
 The man who asked "what's in a name?"

There's millions in it to those men,
 Who live on public pap, but then,
 Those millions come, aye, always came,
 From such as vote for party name.
 As parties won't reform within,
 And new ones soon grow old in sin,
 And since the masses will, in main,
 Vote party, and ignore their brain,
 How can our franchise birthright be
 Used to perpetuate Liberty,
 And equal rights, that every one,
 May garner in what he has sown—
 That law will render just and true,
 To all who toil the wages due ?
 It may be done : If men of sense,
 Will cultivate intelligence ;
 Cut loose the party apron strings,
 That bind them to those cliques and rings,
 And vow 'fore God and Liberty,
 That they will independent be,

Of partisan affiliation,
Or voluntary degradation—
No matter which you call the name,
Be it this or that, it's all the same.
Parties are tools designed for use
Of men, and 'tis a grave abuse
Of the design intended, when,
Parties, instead, make tools of men!
With party tools as with the rest,
Use that which does your work the best;
Don't take it as a heritage,
No matter what its name or age,
But as a working tool command,
To do the work you have in hand.
Show party shysters you intend
To use a means to reach an end—
The means, the franchise of manhood,
The end in view, the public good.
A million voters, wise and bold,
A balance safe, of power, would hold,

And give us as a consequence,
 A land ruled by intelligence,
 Instead of thimble rigging bloats,
 Elected by straight party votes.
 Right here, in just two lines, Dear Sir,
 We'll tell you how those straights occur:
 The ticket heads are straight and many,
 The men who vote them haven't any
 Don't organize, for if you do,
 You're rode by the whole robber crew,
 Who to your ranks would boldly press,
 The moment you had gained success,
 And soon assume the leadership,
 Once more the people bare to strip;
 But let the district school-house be
 Your rallying point, where fair and free,
 Discussion hold, your theme to be
 Political Economy.—
 Study our form of government,
 Of each department the intent,

And when you've got the proper cue,
 Push your investigations through.
 Suppose you strike in this direction:
 Find who's protected by protection,
 And name the kind, if that you can,
 That benefits the laboring man!
 Or one that does not add expense
 To labor as a consequence.
 Figure the dollars, many a time,
 It takes to get a custom dime,
 And then with careful balance made,
 Between protection and free trade,
 Just place the difference of amounts,
 'Gainst labor's meager bank accounts.
 A most important agitation,
 Is the discussion of taxation.—
 Don't bother with the old inventions
 Of kingly robbers, leave dissensions,
 Upon all questions of this kind,
 To congress with its wealth of mind(?)

Their only trouble seems to be,
 To fit such harness to the free,
 The only reason why they can,
 Is 'cause the party votes the man.
 "To congress with its wealth of mind",
 Would read more truly, wealth of wind,
 Dear reader, pardon, just this time,
 The sacrifice of truth to rhyme —
 Find the best way for tax to strike
 All wealth directly and alike,
 And then you've beaten Euclid's square,
 And got Eureka by the hair.
 Again, permit us the suggestion,
 Of tackling the financial question ;
 Contemplate, please, the vast amount
 Of business chained to bank discount.
 Does discount best serve business ways,
 On paper due at thirty days ?
 Find, if you can, how we improve it,
 By using ten per cent to move it ;

Then ask yourself the reason why
John Doe, and Roe, and you and I,
Should furnish credit for some gent,
To lend his debts, at ten per cent.
Increase of wealth is claimed to be
Gained by protecting industry,
But this protecting men to loan
Their debts, instead of what they own,
Takes double measure, don't you see?
Without the wealth creating plea;
Which plea, though false as to the mass,
Is true of the protected class—
Both class protection will be found,
One simple, t'other one compound.
Perhaps it would be well for you,
To look this proposition through:
Silver and gold, with complement
Of treasury notes, for what we want,
Business requirements to reach,
Each interchangeable with each,

To the full power of sovereignty,
 In ready means, whate'er it be —
 Don't let your party harness chafe,
 'Tis economic, simple, safe. —
 Two other things we'll briefly mention,
 Which claim your early, strict attention,
 Consider well each one of these :
 Government built monopolies,
 Through which invention the big fish,
 Swallow all others in the dish. —
 A civil service most uncivil,
 Which, had his majesty, the devil,
 Invented for a sweeping curse,
 He could not well have made it worse ;
 Congress admits its sad revealings,
 But won't give up its many stealings,
 Until intelligence demands,
 A better practice at their hands.
 'Tis safer too, to hold, while lacking,
 The confidence of such a backing,

For they like potter's clay have grown,
To party power behind the throne.
Let one from party dictum swerve,
The public interest to serve,
This power will ban, constituents frown,
And both together hound him down ;
But if he serves monopoly,
This power sustains, and so do we !
Results: King party gains its ends,
And labor crucifies its friends.
The ballot box, where labor could,
Find labor union, if it would
But strike with brain, is quite ignored,
And little gimlet strike-holes bored
In business, with this sad result,
The gimlet striker's catapult,
Returns to him like boomerang hook,
And strikes his empty pocket-book ;
Or, if said book is full when hit,
The blow is sure empty it.—

Then why appeal to such things, when
A million independent men,
With organization of that kind,
Where mind is burnished against mind,
Could hold the welfare of the land,
As in the hollow of their hand—
Be champions of Liberty,
And Bulwark of Humanity—
A mild and patriotic senna,
Working the best good of the many.
How can we do it? Easily,
And well, as you will soon agree:
Tell every candidate elect,
What independent men expect,
And if they fail your expectations,
Remand them to their private stations.
Use parties in the self same way;
Teach them to rule, is to obey
The dictates of intelligence,
Or take defeat as consequence.

Against absurd, blind party zeal,
 Make patient, calm, but firm appeal:
 "If you would freedom's boon inherit,
 "O, crucify the party spirit,
 "And help through all the land to cry it,
 "O, crucify it, Crucify it.—
 Let those who vote by party rules,
 Become to you as working tools,
 To even up the parties, when,
 You hold the balance safe,—AMEN.

REMARKS.

With all its absurdities of application and in results, our jury system is clung to by the people—with great good sense, we think—as a resort in case a corrupt judiciary should thwart instead of administering justice. So would we, notwithstanding the opinions herein expressed, not only cling to, but extend the privilege of the ballot box until it embraced every loyal citizen of proper age, relying upon the intelligent, independent, non-partisan patriotism of the country for a corrective balance of power. Nothing less than this is truly democratic. Anything less than this opens the way to restrictions, which only need cultivation to develop into oligarchal rule. Briefly, we regard the problem of popular government as still unsolved, and believe that an intelligent, nonpartisan balance of power offers the most effective means for a successful solution.

PROGRAMME.

1. Independent Clubs or schools, for the study and discussion of all subjects appertaining to political economy; said clubs to be governed by the usual rules of legislative bodies.
2. Choose questions for discussion and carefully study them, then

introduce by bills to be disposed of in legislative manner, keeping a record of results and especially the reasons given for vetoes should they occur.

3. Quarterly township meetings, of pro tem delegates, for reviewing and comparing work done, and suggesting new work.

4. Half-yearly county meetings, of pro tem delegates, for same purposes.

5. Yearly state meetings of pro tem delegates, appointed by previous meetings of county delegates.

6. National meeting every fourth year (the year on which the election of president occurs) of pro tem delegates chosen at last previous state meetings, for like purposes as above noted, and to make arrangements for uniformity of petitions to be presented to the incoming congress.

PUBLIC ACTION.

1. Work faithfully in all primary, or popular assemblages.

2. Demand of all candidates nominated for legislative offices, a public statement of their opinions, upon specific questions of political importance, and, also, what course they will pursue in regard to said questions, if elected.

3. When the legislature, and particularly when congress meets, see that they are fully posted, by petition, as to the legislation desired by the intelligent balance of power, and for which the dominant party will be held responsible.



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